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New Bedford 12 mo 25 1857

Dear Deborah,

In reply to yours
 received some three weeks since
 and again last evening, I would
 say that my long silence is not
 that I have forgotten you but
 that no convenient opportunity
 has offered itself to write you
 again & again, has it been my
 intention, but one thing & another
 has prevented me - Business
 is not the sole cause though I am
 occupied most of the time. Most
 of my leisure time has been spent
 in reading and talking about
 the "Painted Hero" - Of course we
 Abolitionist must all disapprove
 of the "Modus Operandi" and yet
 we cannot but say with Mrs Child
 "Farewell to thee faithful old Hero
 and Matyr! The Recording Angel

will blot out thy error with a tear,
because it was committed with
an honest heart." As, out of Chaos
God said let there be light & there
was light, so out of this gloom
and darkness, shall the true
light of our cause come forth with
all its beauty & holiness. When
the Portals of Heaven were opened
and John Brown passed triumph-
antly through the Valley of the Shadow
of Death, there was there such a
glimpse of Glory as is seldom if ever
seen. What sublime Eloquence
has it called forth - and above all
stands our friend Wendell Phillips
for beauty, grace, philosophy, & senti-
ment. Those words so fitly spoken
at the funeral obsequies, are unsur-
passed - they seem to me, as though they
were written with an angel's pen -
With all my admiration for Phillips,
there is still another, who in this

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quiet and even tenor of his way
I need the less admire. He who
first struck the strings of the golden
Harp, and said "I am in earnest,
I will not equivocate, I will not
excuse, I will not retreat a single
inch, and I will be heard" - as
water when poured on the head
afterwards flows over the whole
body, or as a stone dropped into the
water causes a commotion which
finally reaches the outer surface
so have the vibrations of those notes,
when Garrison first touched
reached down into the depths
of the human soul. The note
which he first struck, must have
been F, natural, for by the laws of
Harmony or Acoustics, all sounds,
both harmonious & discordant,
at a certain distance above the
noise and din of this wicked
world, when they reach a higher

and purer atmosphere, amalgamated into the one note of Natural It can as truly be said of Garrison & Phillips, as well as of Lord Bacon & the Puritans "There are mine for I taught you to invent," "You are ours though you have gone beyond us."

These remarks of Phillips in his lecture on Puritan principles remind me of an anecdote of a Portuguese Sculptor - When the priest and ~~of~~ confessor held before him a crucifix, saying do you not recognize your saviour do you not know ^{in his dying moments} - "Yes, Oh Father," was the reply - it was I who made him - I got two new subscribers for the "Standard," on the strength of Phillips' lesson of the Hour - Mr. Macy who married Miss Mulliken & Mr. S. I. Neal who keeps the North Union Store Market - I also got Phillips' funeral speech into the Standard here as well as his story about S. S. Prentiss, an Northern friend

Ms. A. 9. 2. 29, 85

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part of letter
the rest damaged
being simply personal

Mrs. Deborah Weston

Weymouth
Mass.





Ms. A. 12. 29, 85